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TIM HOLT



OVER THE BORDER, IN THE LAND OF TORTILLAS AND SENORITAS DEATH PROWL DAILY! FIRING SQUADS AND MURDEROUS SIX-GUNS PLAY THEIR PART—FOR ALL WHO DISOBEDIEN THE DICTATES OF THE EVIL BANDIT KING, **SEÑOR SATAN**, SOON LEARN THE GRIM PENALTY THEY MUST PAY!

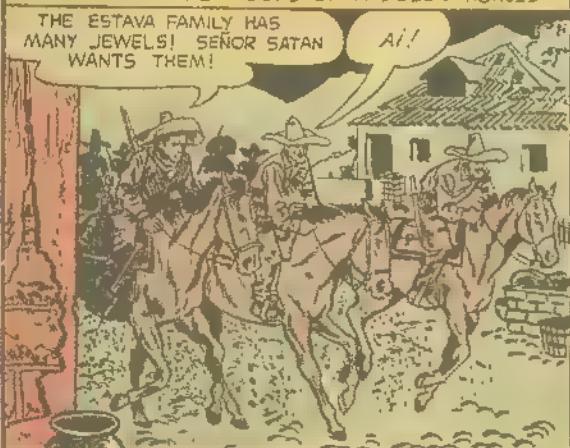
EVERY DAY THE PEOPLE PRAY FOR THE RETURN OF **REDMASK OF THE RIO GRANDE**—FOR ONLY REDMASK DARES STAND, AS HE DID CENTURIES AGO, AGAINST THE OPPRESSOR! ONLY REDMASK DARES FACE THE MAD FURY OF THE BRUTAL—

**"TYRANT
of SAN
TOMAS!"**

THE COBBLESTONED STREETS OF SAN TOMAS ECHO TO THE DRUMMING HOOFS OF A DOZEN HORSES—

THE ESTAVA FAMILY HAS MANY JEWELS! **SEÑOR SATAN** WANTS THEM!

Ai!!



A WOMAN SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT—A SURE-SIGN THAT **SEÑOR SATAN'S** MEN ARE RAIDING!

Aiiieee!

THOSE WHO OPPOSE THE WISHES OF OUR GREAT LEADER—
DIE!



TIM HOLT

DAWN IS THE TIME FOR FIRING SQUADS TO GO INTO ACTION...



FOOLS! NONE CAN OPPOSE THE WILL OF SEÑOR SATAN! I RULE EVERYWHERE SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE! AIE — AND NORTH OF IT, TOO!



THE PEOPLE, REMEMBERING THE TALES OF THEIR GRANDFATHERS, COME TO THE GOOD FRAY CARLOS OF THE SAN TOMAS MISSION...



REDMASK HAS HANDLED MEN LIKE SEÑOR SATAN BEFORE. WHEN THEY OPPRESSED POOR PEOPLE! PRAY THAT HE COMES AGAIN RIDING ON THE MIDNIGHT WINDS!"



BUT THE BLOODY DAYS PASS, AND THE NIGHTS GO ON, FILLED WITH TERROR — AND THERE IS NO HELP...



ONE NIGHT A GIRL ESCAPES THE BANDITS OF SEÑOR SATAN, AND SWIMS THE RIPPLING WATERS OF THE RIO GRANDE...



TIM HOLT

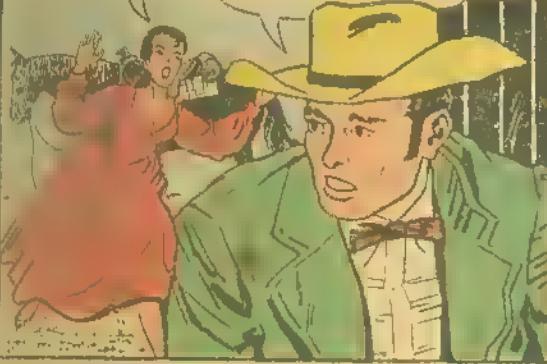
IT IS ONE HOUR AFTER DAWN WHEN A FEAR-LAIDEN VOICE SHRIEKS LOUDLY IN THE RANCH YARD —

CHITO! OHHH, CHITO!

AY DIOS MIO! MY LITTLE COUSIN DOLORES HUSTANONTE FROM SAN TOMAS!

SHE WILL BE YOUR DEAD COUSIN DOLORES FROM SAN TOMAS, BEEF SHE DOES NOT TELL ME WHERE HER FAMILY'S GOLD BEES TO BE FOUND!

IT IS SEÑOR SATAN!



SUDDENLY, BANDIT VOICES CRY OUT IN ALARM!

LOOK-UP THERE! SEE SEE REDMASK ON THE ROOF!

OF THE RIO GRANDE!



A MAGUEY LARIAT SNAKES OUT — AND A MOMENT LATER, DANGLING BY ONE LEG, AND SCREAMING IN OUTRAGED PRIDE AND FEAR — SEÑOR SATAN RISES UPWARD!

HELP ME!
VAQUEROS — TO ME!
YIHHH!

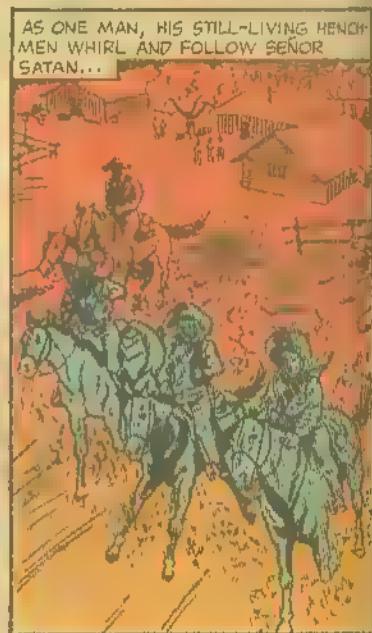


AS THE TYRANT OF SAN TOMAS RISES SKYWARD, HIDDEN RIFLES FROM THE T-BAR-H BUNKHOUSE CRACK WITH SAVAGE VENOM!



MEN GO DOWN LIKE TENPINS BEFORE THAT LETHAL HAIL!





TIM HOLT

ONCE AGAIN A ROPE LEAPS OUT...

HELP! HELP! SOLDIERS
- TO ME!



THE ROPE YANKS TIGHT! IT
PULLS SAVAGELY, AND ONCE
AGAIN SATAN RIDES UPWARD—



ARMED BANDITS RACE INTO THE
ROOM, BUT REDMASK IS READY FOR
THEM—



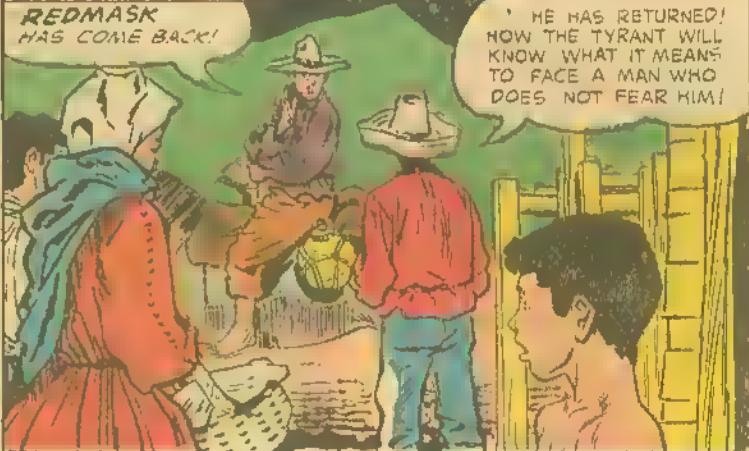
AN INSTANT AFTERWARD, REDMASK
BLENDs WITH THE NIGHT DARKNESS.

I'LL TURN THIS LOOT
OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!
THEY'LL KNOW
WHERE IT SHOULD
GO...



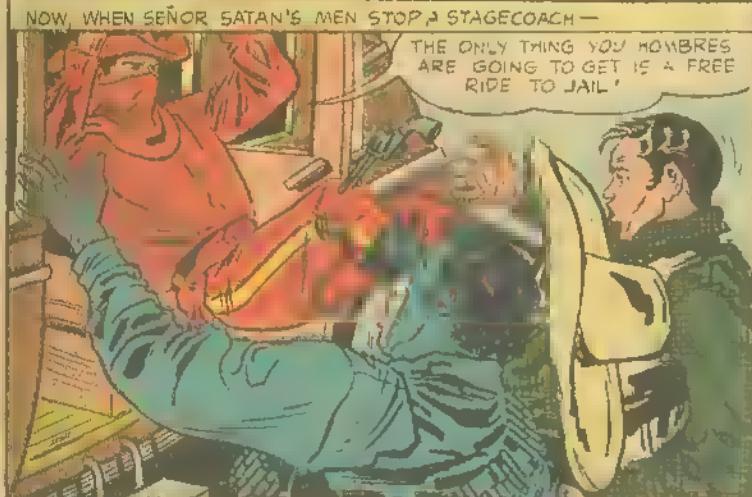
THE WORD PASSES ACROSS THE TILLED FIELDS, AND THROUGH THE
MOUNTAIN PASSES...

REDMASK
HAS COME BACK!



NOW, WHEN SEÑOR SATAN'S MEN STOP A STAGECOACH—

THE ONLY THING YOU HOMBRES
ARE GOING TO GET IS A FREE
RIDE TO JAIL!



—OR WHEN THEY ROB A BANK...

TELL YOUR
MASTER HE IS
FINISHED IN
SAN TOMAS!



TIM HOLT

AS HIS MEN MAKE THEIR REPORTS, SEÑOR SATAN FOAMS AT THE MOUTH WITH FURY ...



EET EES THEES REDMASK!

REDMASK! REDMASK! EES ALL I HEAR! HE EES THORN IN MY FLESH! I MUST FIND SOME WAY TO KEEL HIM DEAD! HA! MAYBE SO I KNOW WHAT EET EES!



THE PEONS TELL THEES REDMASK MY EVERY MOVE! EVEN MEN EEN MY OWN ARMY TELL HEEM! SO BE EET!.. I SHALL LAY A TRAP FOR SEÑOR REDMASK! EVERYONE SHALL KNOW I GO TO THE MISSION OF SAN TOMAS TO STEAL THE **TREASURE** THAT FRAY CARLOS IS ALWAYS TALK ABOUT!



THAT NIGHT, A SCORE OF TRUSTED RIDERS GALLOP THE VALLEY ROAD TOWARD THE MISSION BUILDINGS...



WE ARE TO HIDE EEN THE DUNGEONS BELOW THE MISSION BUILDINGS! WHEN REDMASK COMES HERE WE WEE KILL HIM!

WORD IS BROUGHT TO REDMASK IN THE TIME-HONORED MANNER, BY A LETTER SLIPPED INTO THE FORK OF AN ANCIENT TREE...



WAITING IN THE OLD STONE CELLARS OF THE MISSION ARE A SCORE OF KILLERS...

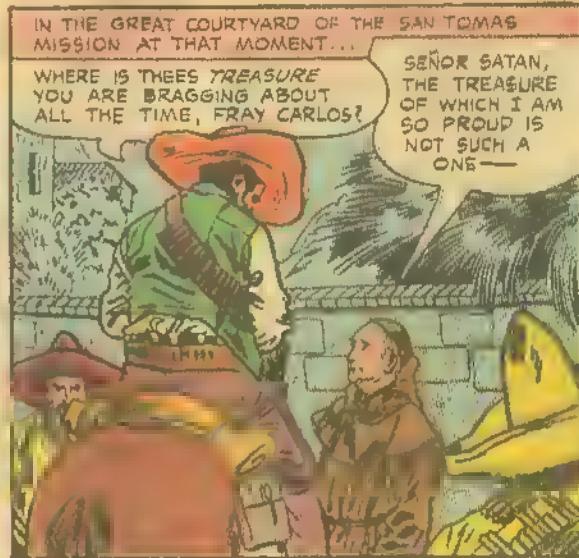


A MOMENT LATER, THE BANDITS LEAP OUT! REDMASK STANDS AS IF TURNED TO STONE!

A TRAP! I'VE WALKED INTO A TRAP!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



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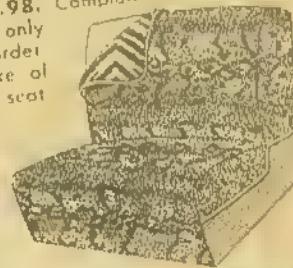
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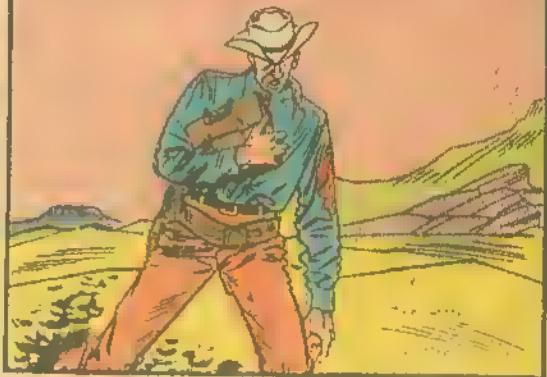
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TIM HOLT

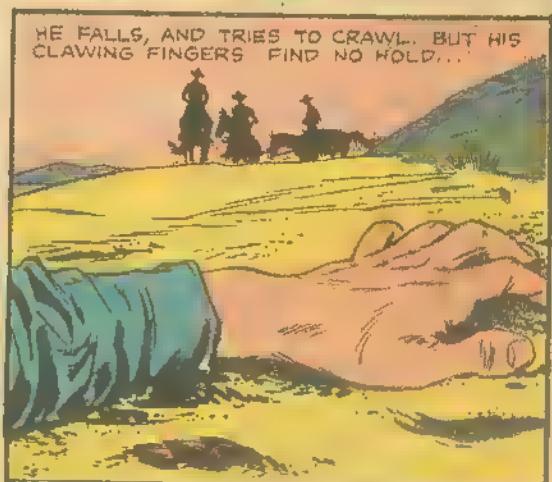
DEATH RODE STIRRUP TO STIRRUP WITH THE MEN WHO BROUGHT THE NEW INDIAN TREATY TO FORT INDEPENDENCE... AND WHEN TIM HOLT VOLUNTEERED TO DRAW THE KILLERS AFTER HIM, HE FOUND HIMSELF FACING THE GRIM FATE THAT THREATENED EVERY MAN WHO RODE —

"THE TREATY TRAIL!"

AN EXHAUSTED MAN STAGGERS ALONG THE BLAZING, BURNING SANDS OF THE DEVIL'S OVEN DESERT, BLOODY AND EXHAUSTED...



HE FALLS, AND TRIES TO CRAWL. BUT HIS CLAWING FINGERS FIND NO HOLD...



TIM HOLT

THERE HE IS! HE'S GOT THE BRIEFCASE! I KNEW I WINGED HIM WHEN I SHOT HIM!

SOFT SANDS CUSHION THE DRUMMING HOOFs OF A GALLOPING HORSE! INTENT ON THEIR VICTIM THE THREE KILLERS DO NOT SEE TIM HOLT UNTIL HE IS CRASHING INTO THEM!



— SOME HOURS LATER IN A HOTEL ROOM IN BULLET...

I'M CARRYING... NEW INDIAN TREATY FROM WASHINGTON. MUST GET IT TO FORT INDEPENDENCE! MEN TRYING TO KILL ME... LEARN BOUNDARIES OF INDIAN LANDS... INDIAN AGENT — LEFTY JONES...



SHERIFF, WE CAN GET THAT TREATY THROUGH FORT INDEPENDENCE! I'LL RIDE OUT WITH THE BRIEFCASE TO DRAW THOSE KILLERS AFTER ME! YOU TAKE THE REAL TREATY BY A DIFFERENT ROUTE...



TIM HOLT

AT DAWN, NEXT DAY—



THE TWO BAD HATS ARE SEEN RACING ALONG THE TRAIL.

ONCE WE KNOW THE EXTENT OF THE INDIAN LAND BOUNDARIES, WE CAN BUY UP THE LAND AROUND IT REAL CHEAP. RANCHERS ARE AFRAID TO INVEST THEIR MONEY IN BUYING THAT LAND FOR FEAR THE LAND THEY MIGHT BUY HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE INJUNS!



AS NIGHTFALL BLANKETS THE RIM COUNTRY IN DARKNESS...



EVEN IF YOU HAD KILLED ME, YOU'D NEVER HAVE LAID YOUR HANDS ON THAT TREATY! I CARRIED THE BRIEFCASE — BUT SHERIFF GAGE HAS THE TREATY!

UNKNOWN TO TIM, THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE HARD-CASE TRIO REINS IN HIS BRONC A FEW FEET AWAY, SHELTERED BY THICK PINES...

I HAD TO HAVE MY BRONC SHOED IN TOWN, SO THE BOYS WENT ON AHEAD OF ME! LOOKS LIKE I'M PLAYING IN LUCK...

I COULD THROW DOWN ON THAT DEPUTY — BUT I MIGHT MISS! SINCE I KNOW SHERIFF GAGE HAS THE TREATY, I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!

HOURS LATER, AS SHERIFF GAGE POUNDS ALONG THE TRAIL TOWARD FORT INDEPENDENCE...

HEY! SOMEBODY SHOOTIN' AT ME...

DON'T MATTER SO MUCH IF HE GETS ME — BUT THE TREATY'S GOT TO GET THROUGH! I GOT TO HIDE IT — BUT WHERE?

FOR NEARLY AN HOUR THE CHASE CONTINUES, AND THEN SHERIFF GAGE CRIES OUT AND FALLS FROM THE SADDLE...

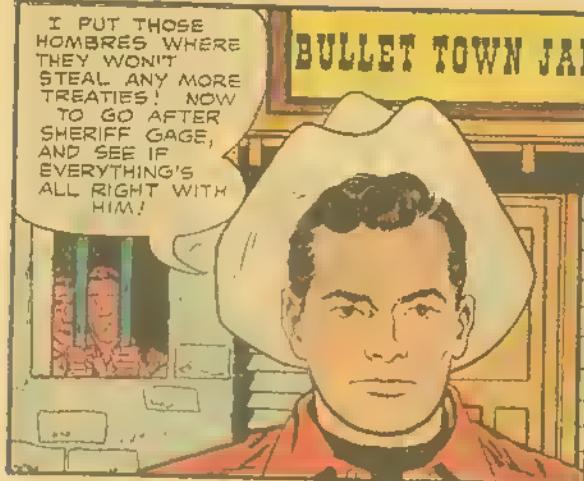
HE — GOT ME!

CHIP ROMNEY DISMOUNTS AND SEARCHES THE WOUNDED SHERIFF THOROUGHLY — BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS!

HE MUST HAVE IT ON HIM! HOLT SAID SO. IT'S GOT TO BE ON HIM! ONLY ONE THING TO DO. I'LL TAKE HIS CLOTHES AND SEARCH THEM, BY RIPPING THEM APART, THREAD BY THREAD...

TIM HOLT

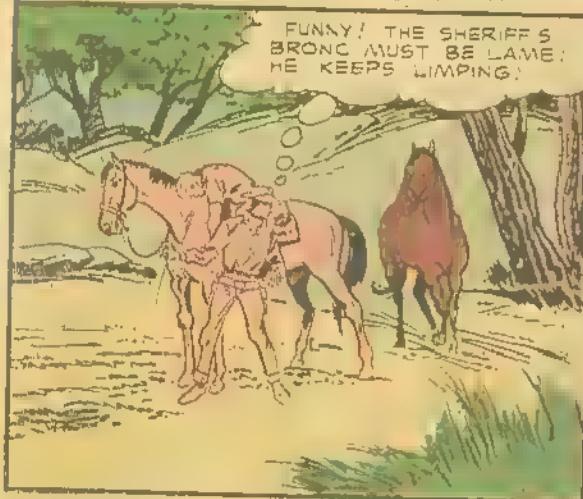
MEANWHILE, IN BULLET...



HOURS LATER, ALONG THE TRAIL -



AS TIM STARTS BACK TOWARD BULLET...



AFTER MAKING SURE THAT SHERIFF GAGE IS IN BED AND UNDER A DOCTOR'S CARE, TIM GALLOPS FROM TOWN...



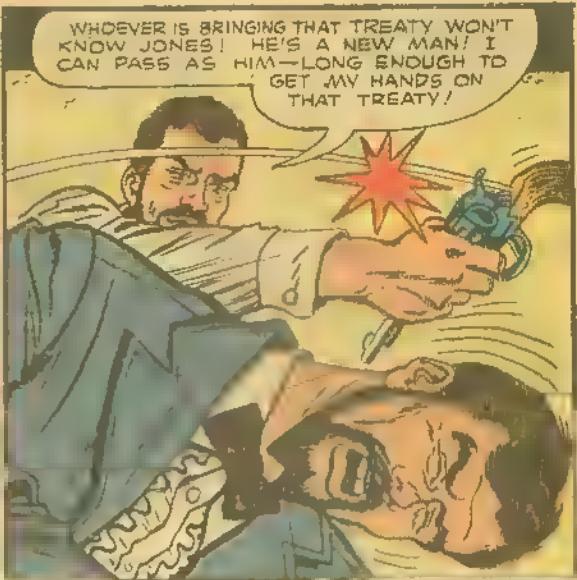
AHEAD OF TIM, AND RAGING LIKE A TORTURED PUMA...



BUT IN ORDER TO PULL THE LITTLE STUNT I GOT IN MIND, I GOT TO CHANGE MY APPEARANCE - A LITTLE!



NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICES OF THE INDIAN AGENT AT FORT INDEPENDENCE...

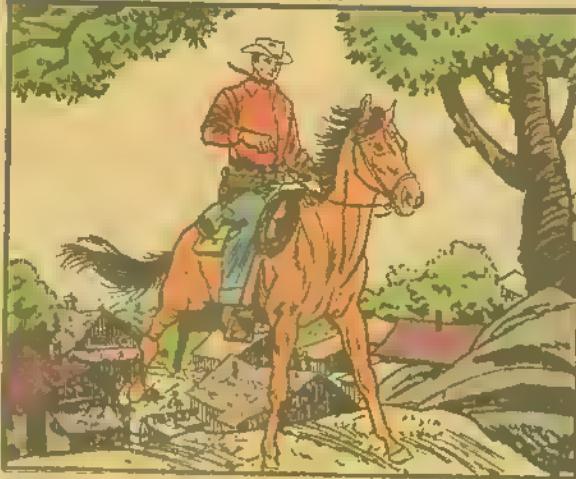


NEXT DAY, AT HIGH NOON—



TIM HOLT

TIM RIDES OUT OF TOWN...



SUDDENLY, HE REINS IN...



YOU AREN'T THE INDIAN AGENT! THE ORIGINAL MESSENGER SAID HE WAS CALLED "LEFTY!" — THAT HE DID EVERYTHING WITH HIS LEFT HAND! YOU WERE HOLDING THAT PEN WITH YOUR **RIGHT**! YOU TOOK THE TREATY I GAVE YOU WITH YOUR **RIGHT**...!



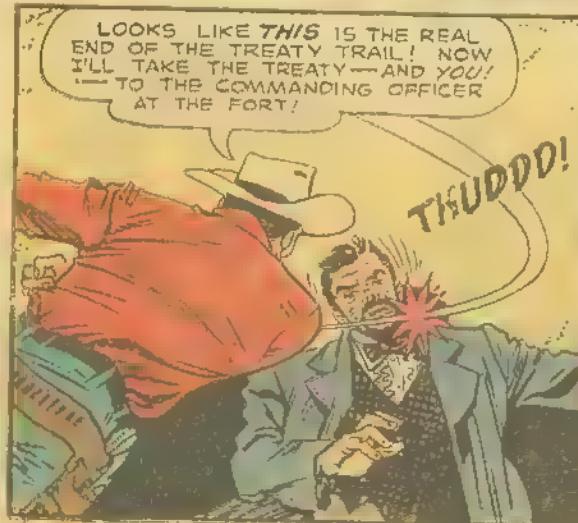
UNDER SHELTER OF THE DESK-TOP, CHIP ROMNEY YANKS HIS GUN!



DON'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT!



LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE REAL END OF THE TREATY TRAIL! NOW I'LL TAKE THE TREATY — AND YOU! — TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER AT THE FORT!



WITHIN THE HOUR...

WE'LL HANDLE ROMNEY! I'LL TAKE THE TREATY MYSELF — TO MAKE SURE **NO ONE** KNOWS THE CONTENTS BEFORE THEY ARE PUBLICLY ANNOUNCED!



THE END

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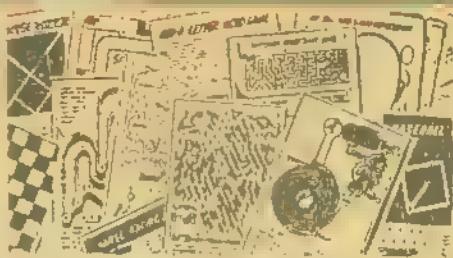
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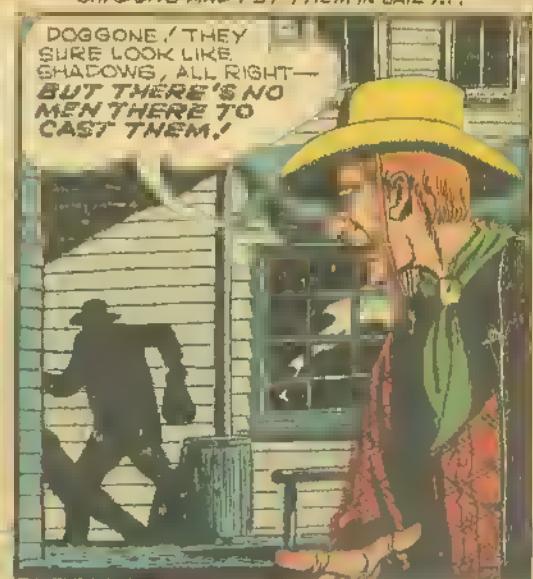
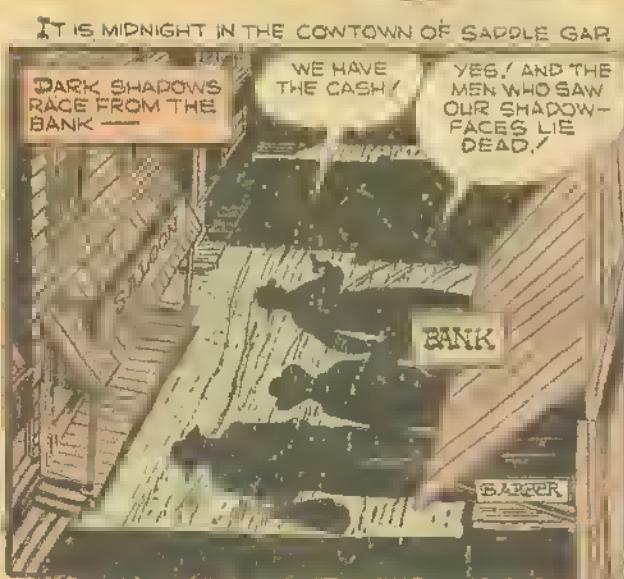
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"THEY AIN'T HUMAN, MARSHAL! THEY'RE ONLY SHADOWS! HOW CAN YOU CAPTURE AND ARREST — SHADOWS?"



"SHERIFF, MARSHAL FURY, THEM SHADOWS ARE DOWN AT HENDERSON'S SALOON — ROBBING IT!"



"THEY SURE LOOK LIKE SHADOWS, ALL RIGHT!"



"AS MARSHAL REX FURY WATCHES, THE SHADOW SLAYERS RACE INTO THE BLACK SHADOW OF A LARGE BUILDING —"



"THEY DISAPPEARED — RIGHT ABOUT HERE! LEFT NOT A TRACE BEHIND THEM — EXCEPT FOOTPRINTS THAT END ABRUPTLY."



"NEXT EVENING, IN THE HIGH HILLS AROUND SADDLE GAP, THE GHOST RIDER APPEARS, GALLOPING LIKE THE PHANTOM OF THE MIDNIGHT TRAILS HE IS..."



TIM HOLT

SOME NIGHTS LATER, ALONG THE GLEAMING TRACKS OF THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD —



BUT AS THE SHADOWS SWARM INTO THE BAGGAGE CAR, A GLOWING FACE STARES AT THEM FROM THE DARKNESS . . .



GUNS ROAR — BUT THE FACE OF THE GHOST RIDER IS UNHARMED . . .



GREAT FIBRY STRANDS OF ICE LEAP THROUGH THE AIR, TWISTING ABOUT THE SHADOWS! WRITHING HELPLESSLY, THEY GO DOWN . . .



MY PAINTED BOLOS DROPPED YOU. NOW, I'LL TAKE YOU INTO JAIL!

YOU CAN'T KEEP SHADOWS PRISONERS!

WE WILL ESCAPE YOU!

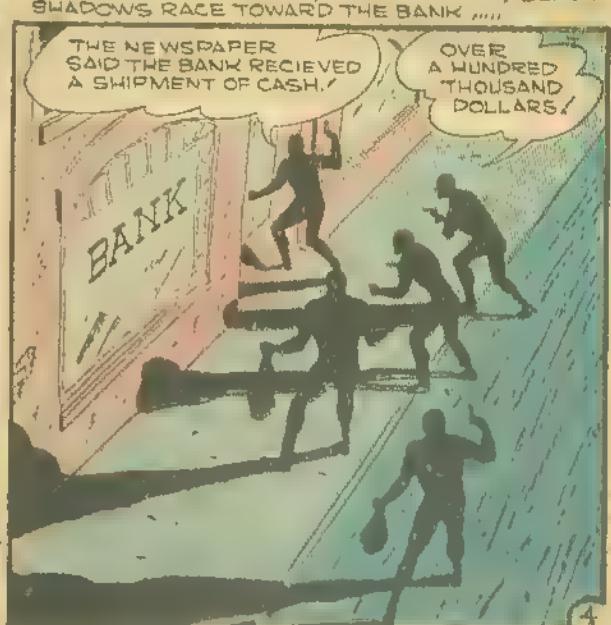
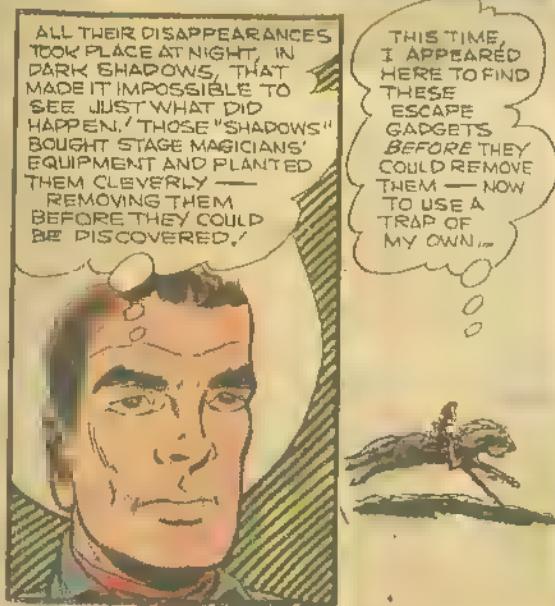
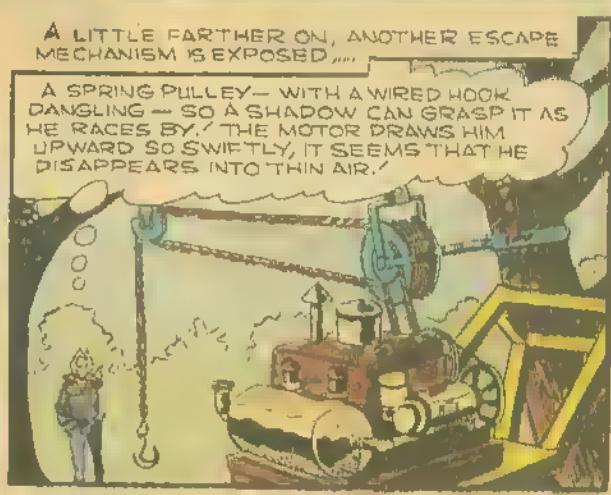
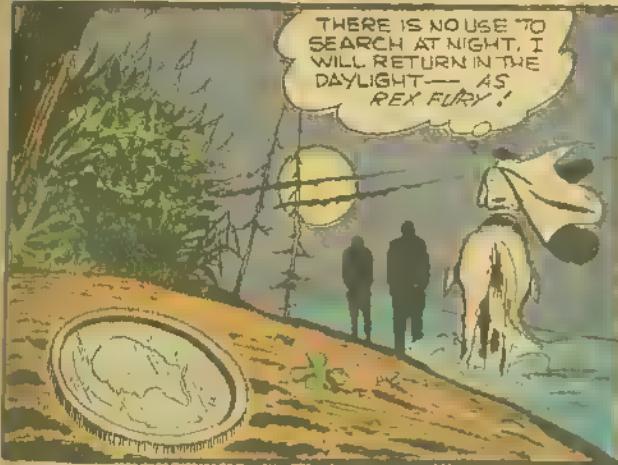
THE LONG MARCH BACK TO THE SADDLE GAP JAIL BEGINS. BUT AS THE SHADOW-MEN WALK AHEAD OF THE GHOST RIDER, ONE BY ONE — THEY BEGIN TO DISAPPEAR!



TIM HOLT

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE SHADOWS FADE AWAY. AND EACH TIME, THE GHOST RIDER DROPS A COIN . . .

NEXT MORNING, REX FURY RETRACES THE PATH HE TOOK AS THE GHOST RIDER . . .



TIM HOLT



NO MATCH FOR GUNSLICKS

THE brown and white steer lay helpless as the red-hot brand swooped down on its flank. Deftly, the man with the tiny scar on his jaw made three moves with the straight iron, changing the KT brand into the Laddered Diamond. He studied his work for a moment, nodded his satisfaction, and was rising to his feet when the .44-40 bullet dug a hole between his spurred boots.

The man swore and dove for his pony. He could see the rifleman with the smoking rifle running across the hogback ridge, framed against the blue sky as he lifted his rifle and threw it to his shoulder. The man dropped the brand and clawed frantically at his Colt. The sharpshooter fired again. The man who had been changing brands opened his eyes and clung desperately to a slowly widening red stain on his blue shirt. He toppled backwards.

Ken Talley came forward carefully, automatically ejecting a shell from the chamber, levering another shell into the barrel. His tanned face was hard, set in flat planes in which his blue eyes burned like sapphire flame.

"Caught one of 'em at last," he said through tight lips.

He came to stand over the fallen man. Many men ran straight irons out where the grassy plains of the Feather River range stretched between the big black bluffs of the Mogul Rim and the cold, fast-flowing waters of the Feather. But this was the first time young Ken Talley had caught a man with the iron in his hand.

He turned the man over and grunted when he saw his face. "Ben Kimmel! One of Draw Deegan's hoys!"

Talley blinked carefully against the breeze that stirred the grama grass. Draw Deegan was a power in the Rim. He had two guns, and he knew how to use them. A small rancher like Ken Talley could not hope to stand against him or the bunch that rode under his Crosspatch brand. If he should complain to Deegan, Deegan would find a way to make him go for his gun. And Talley knew he was no match for the gunman with Colts in his hands!

Talley cut the steer free, studying the Laddered Diamond. *Deegan's too smart to use his*

own brand, he thought. But somewhere in the breaks north of the Mogul Rim, he probably has a Laddered Diamond herd, all set to move! As he went across the rolling grassland, head down, Talley took up in his mind the brands of his neighbors: Luke Parker's Three T brand, Monk Groome's T Diamond. All those brands, including his own KT brand, could easily be changed into Deegan's Laddered Diamond mark.

He moved up into his fifty-dollar Cheyenne saddle and toed his little pinto to a run. He could not fight Deegan and his gunslicks—but he was not going to sit by and let Deegan run off his steers and eventually force him off his ranch!

Talley was in the general store in Hardknot the next morning when the trouble broke. As Talley put his arms around the big box of groceries, the voice came from the doorway. It was a cold voice, hard and grim, colored with a sneer.

"We found Kimmel early this morning, Talley. Somebody shot him. We saw your pony's tracks all around. We figgered you'd know about it."

Talley turned slowly. One hand was tightly clenched. He felt his eyes drawn to the tightly smiling face of the man in the doorway. It was big Herb Loover standing there—almost as good a man with a Colt as Deegan.

"I know about him. I caught him running a straight iron on my stock. I shot him."

Loover looked at him coldly, for a long moment, then swung on his heel and walked away. Talley felt his knees turned rubbery for a moment as he leaned against the bare wooden counter. He lifted his neckerchief to his face and wiped it.

The store clerk came up from behind the heavy wooden counter, his cheeks white. He said, "I was afeared Herb was a-goin' for his six when."

"So was I. But he didn't."

"He will. You ride for home. I'll send the rest of the things out your way by wagon."

"Yeah. Mebbe I will."

He walked out of the store, conscious of the Colt bobbing on his right thigh, a heavy weight shifting as he strode. Instantly, as the

TIM HOLT

hot sunlight touched his cheeks, he knew he was marked for death. Herb Loover was across the street, by the hitch-rail. He was lounging there carelessly—too carelessly. Twenty feet the other side of him was Draw Deegan, standing motionless under the wooden overhang of the blacksmith's shop. The two fastest gunmen in the Rim country, looking at him with their cold, merciless eyes. He was in the way of the Crosspatch bunch. He would be stamped out. Here. Now. Today.

Talley walked at an angle across the street. He had no chance, but he would not run. If he could get where he wanted—

"Talley!"

The word struck him like a whiplash. He jerked his head around and looked at Draw Deegan, but he kept walking across the dusty street.

Deegan snarled, "Stand still, Talley! I'm talkin' to yuh!"

Talley quartered still more across the street until he was less than ten feet from the hitch-rail. Now he stopped and faced Deegan. He licked his lips and ran his palms on the rough blue wool of his shirt. He said, "I'm still. I'm looking for no trouble with the Crosspatch."

"Too late for that, Talley. When one of my boys goes down, I find out why."

"He was running a straight iron."

"We didn't see a straight iron," Deegan said coldly.

Talley shrugged. He wondered idly if he would gain anything by starting this. Here and there a face peered from a window, or from around the corner of a building, at the three men. They were frightened faces, all of them, knowing Draw Deegan's ruthlessness and kill-hunger.

Deegan spoke to his big foreman. "Herb, I don't hold with murder. The sheriff's out of town. If we wait for him, this sidewinder may get away."

Herb chuckled coldly. "I'll back yore play, boss."

Deegan shifted his feet, about to change his position.

Talley went for his gun. He lifted it and whirled, throwing himself face down in the dust of the street. He heard guns belch thunder, heard a man grunt heavily, heard the dull thud of a falling body.

Herb Loover was lying in the dusty street, unmoving. A smoking gun was close to his motionless right hand.

"Blast yuh, Talley!" gritted a voice.

Ken Talley whirled. He could see Draw Deegan backing away, one hand clamped over his bleeding shoulder. Deegan was white with pain and rage. He cursed and swore at Talley as he backed away.

Deegan rasped, "I'll be back. I'll skin yuh and nail yore hide to a bar-room wall, Talley! That was a low-down trick—"

Talley laughed and got to his knees. He had deliberately stationed himself between Deegan and Loover, directly in their line of fire. He had no chance against them. They were so fast they could shoot him down before he could touch his own gun. But he had counted on that speed, on that instinctive draw-and-shoot motion that was the mark of the true gunslick. Deegan had gone for his gun and fired, all in one movement. So had Loover. Only—he, Talley, had fallen flat on his face—and Deegan had put a .45 calibre Colt bullet in Loover's heart, killing him instantly. Loover had hit Deegan in the shoulder.

Talley said, "Now it's your turn, Deegan. Stand still!"

Deegan froze. He looked carefully at the hard-faced Talley. He tried a laugh, saying, "It was Loover's fault, Talley. He was hot for gunplay. I figured mebbe Kimmel was rimming his own brand—"

"Button that lip, Deegan. It won't work. We're all wise to you, in the Rim country. Only trouble has always been, you were too strong for us. Now mebbe the odds are even."

Talley lifted his Colt and trained it on Deegan's chest. The blood receded from the gunslick's face. Deegan shouted hoarsely, "Talley! Man, yuh wouldn't shoot me in cold blood?"

People were coming from the houses and the saloons and the stores, now. A man shouted encouragement to the KT man. Several women shouted advice. Deegan caught the sullen fury and resentment in their voices.

Talley said, "You got a gun. Lift it! When we can't miss, we'll shoot. You'll kill me! I'll kill you! Well—what's the matter? You wanted to kill me. You got the chance. Only thing is, now—I'll take you with me."

"No, No!"

Deegan threw down his gun. There was fright in his face, and in his protruding eyes. He shouted, "I won't do it. I—"

The people surged around him. Talley pushed them back. He laughed. "I always did think you gunslicks had no more craw than a jackrabbit! Let's go into the sheriff's office, Deegan. I'm going to write something on a paper, and you're goin' to sign it."

Deegan nodded. His chin fell forward on his chest as he moved through the people and the hot sunlight toward the cool sheriff's office. Looking at him, Talley felt a twinge of sympathy. Deegan was a broken man. He would be dangerous no longer. Someone had looked him in the eye and called his bluff.

Talley sighed as he watched Deegan walk ahead of him. He lifted his head and drew warm, good air deep into his lungs. It wasn't always the man with the fastest gun-hand who won the fight. Sometimes, a man could win who could just hold a gun and look death straight in the eye—and challenge him!

— THE END —

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

the FLYING DAGGERS!

IT BEGAN AS A JEST—AND ENDED ON THE RODEO ARENA SANDS, WITH **DEATH** STRIKING DOWN THE MAN WHO WAS TIM HOLT'S FRIEND! THE JEST CONTINUED, FOR **TIM** WAS BLAMED FOR THE MURDER! THEN REDMASK CAME RIDING DOWN OUT OF THE HILLS, TO PROBE THE RIDDLE OF —

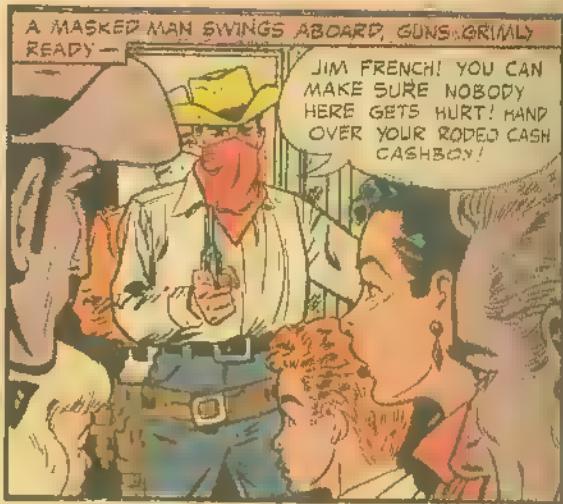


FRANK
BOLLE

THE UNION PACIFIC SLOWS TO THE STEEP SLOPE OF MEDICINE HAT HILL—



TIM HOLT



OUTSIDE THE TRAIN, HOOFBEATS DRUM DOWN FROM THE HILLS. **TIM HOLT** AND **CHITO** ARE RIDING TO MEET THE TRAIN.

GUNSMEN — HOLDING UP THE TRAIN! LET'S GO, CHITO!



TIM HOLT

LATER, AS THE TRAIN MAKES ITS RUN INTO BULLET, IN THE SMOKING CAR...

MY PARTNER HERE, MACK BENSON —WANTS ME TO SELL OUT!

BUT, YOUR RODEO IS YOUR WHOLE LIFE, JIM!

I AM NOT A RICH MAN. MY CRIPPLED CONDITION—PLUS THE ONE INTEREST OF MY LIFE—COLLECTING ANCIENT ARMS AND ARMOR—TAKES ALL MY MONEY. I CAN'T KEEP ANY CASH TIED UP IN A RODEO THAT LOSES MONEY ALL THE TIME!

IF YOU ALLOW—I HAVE AN IDEA...

TIM HOLT IS WELL KNOWN IN BULLET! MAKE BELIEVE TIM AND SENOR FRENCH ARE HAVING A FEUD! THE PAPERS WILL PLAY IT UP BIG. MAYBE CROWDS WILL COME TO SEE TIM COMPETE IN THE RODEO AGAINST YOU!



THAT EVENING, THE BULLET BANNER PLAYS UP THE BATTLE!

I'M GOING TO THAT RODEO, ALL RIGHT!

ME TOO. WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!

NEXT MORNING—

IT'S JIM FRENCH! HE'S BEEN KILLED WITH TIM HOLT'S KNIFE!

TIM MUST'VE THROWN IT—BECAUSE FRENCH'S ARE THE ONLY BOOT-MARKS ON THE RODEO SAND! IT WAS RAKED LAST NIGHT TO BE NEAT FOR THE DAY'S CONTESTS!

TIM HOLT

ANGRY RODEO HANDS STORM THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE —

HE KILLED HIM WITHOUT GIVIN' FRENCH A CHANCE! THEIR FEUD IS OVER BECAUSE HOLT KILLED HIM!

HOLT'S GOTTA SWING FOR THIS!



A FLEET RIDER FROM TOWN BRINGS TIM WORD FROM THE SHERIFF...

SHERIFF SAYS FOR YOU TO GET GOING, TIM! THAT RODEO MOS WANTS YOUR HIDE! JIM FRENCH WAS KILLED AND THEY'RE BLAMING YOU!

WHAT?



SOME HOURS LATER, DEEP IN THE HIGH HILLS BEYOND BULLET, TIM HOLT DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE —



IN THE SHADOW OF AN ALLEY, REDMASK SPEAKS WITH SHERIFF GAGE —

THEY SAY YOU'RE THE FINEST MAN IN THE COUNTY AT THROWING A KNIFE. ONLY YOU COULD HAVE THROWN A KNIFE SO FAR!

YES — BUT THERE WAS A PROFESSIONAL KNIFE-THROWER ATTACHED TO THE RODEO...



LATER, ON THE RODEO SANDS —



SOMEONE DID SOME BURNING OF PAPERS HERE, AND THE SANDS THAT COVERED IT DIDN'T HIDE THEM COMPLETELY! HMM...

DON GREGORIO IS NOT ONLY THE KNIFE-THROWER OF THE RODEO — HE'S ALSO ITS BOOKKEEPER!

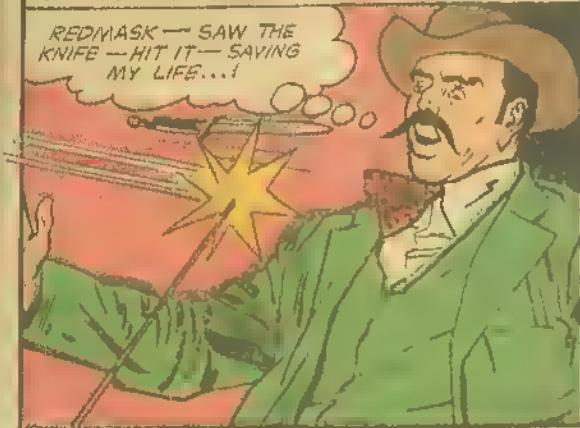


REDMASK — AND HE'S FOUND THE BURNED RODEO LEDGERS...

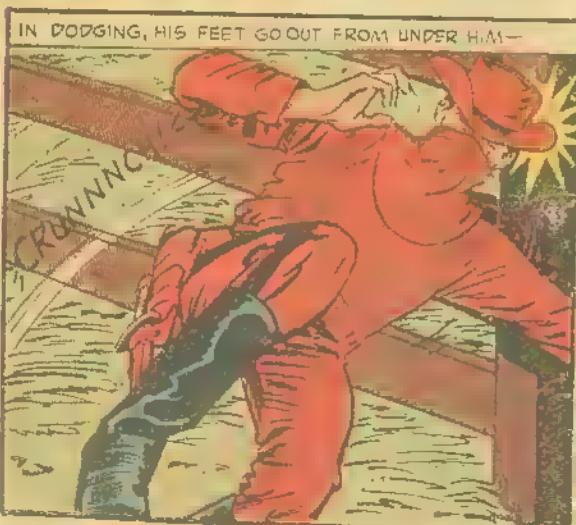
TIM HOLT



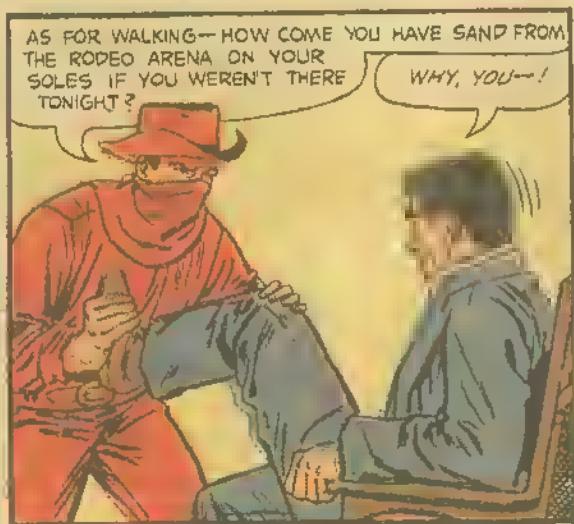
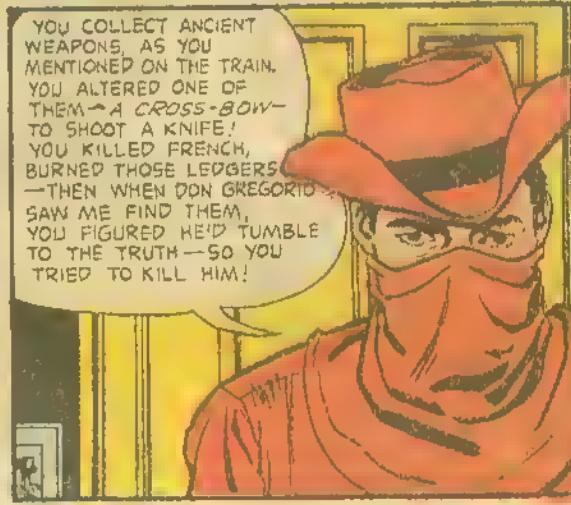
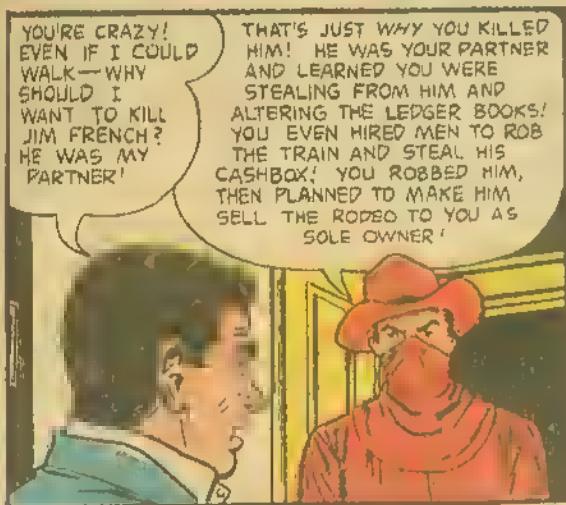
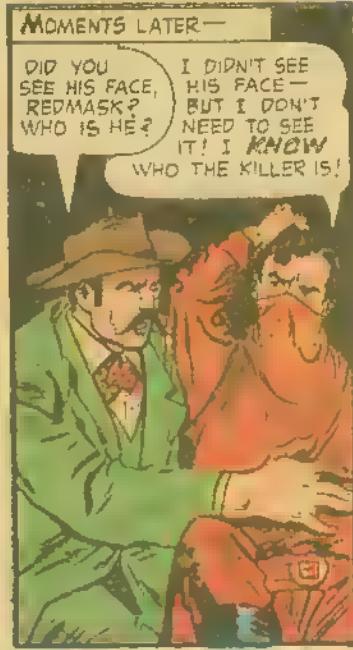
AND THEN THE SHARP SCREECH OF LEAD SMASHING INTO STEEL RISES IN THE EMPTY RODEO STANDS—



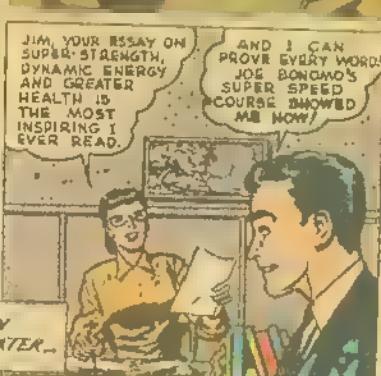
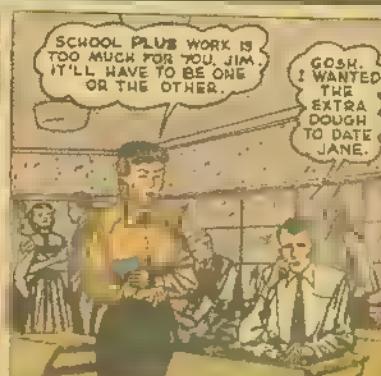
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



THREE WEEKS AND / MADE THIS "SAD SACK" HEP!



Y. Geronimus
Illustrator

REVOLUTIONARY
REVELATIONARY!
ONLY \$1 FOR MY NEW
THREE WEEK
SPEED COURSE
TODAY!
FREE
MONEY BACK
IF NOT SATISFIED

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32-Picture, Packed Pages on
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plus many more—can be done.



LISTEN, YOU! CUT OUT WISHING!

NOW—Have a Wallowed-Packed
BODY OF SUPER STRENGTH,

Dynamic Energy and Greater Health

JOE BONOMO STARTS YOU ON YOUR WAY TOWARDS ALL THREE—IN JUST THREE WEEKS! Fellow of all ages . . . who want to make a real success out of themselves . . . a New Life, Bigger and Stronger . . . HERE IT IS! Joe Bonomo's New and Complete THREE SPEED COURSE is pulled to give you Real Value. Think of it! ONE DOLLAR AND 10 MINUTES A DAY IS ALL THAT YOU NEED!

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TELLS YOU HOW!
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STARTS YOU IN
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Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!
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MAKE BIG MONEY

WITH FAST-SELLING WARM

MASON LEATHER JACKETS

Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making, spare-time business! As our man in your community, you feature Mason's fast-selling Horsehide, Capeskin, Suede and other fine leather jackets —nationally known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling to friends and fellow workers. Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you: truck drivers, milkmen, cab drivers, postmen, gas station, construction, and railroad men—hundreds right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And no wonder! You offer these splendid jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford! Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to \$10.00 a day EXTRA income!

*SHOE AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH,
LINED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!*

These Special Features Help You Make Money From First Hour!

Men really go for these warm Mason jackets of long-lasting Pony Horsehide leather, fine Capeskin leather, soft luxurious Suede leather. You can even take orders for Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool, Satin-faced Twill jackets, men's raincoats, too! And just look at these EXTRA features that make Mason jackets so easy to sell:

- Warm, cozy linings of real Sheepskin...nature's own protection against cold!
- Quilted and rayon linings!
- Laskin Lamb waterproof, non-marring fur collars!
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- Especially-treated leathers that do not scuff or peel!
- Zipper Fronts!
- Extra-large pockets!
- Variety of colors for every taste: brown, black, green, grey, tan, blue!

Be the first to sell men who work outdoors this perfect combination!—Nou-scull, warm Horsehide leather jacket lined with woolly Sheepskin, and new Air-Cushion Sole shoe also warmly lined with fluffy Sheepskin and made with oil-resisting soles and leather storm welt!

Even MORE Profits with Special-Feature Shoes

Take orders for Nationally-advertised, Velveteen Air-Cushion Shoes in 160 dress, sport, work styles for men and women. Air-Cushion Sole gives wonderful feeling of "walking on air" all the time. At the Mason man in your town, you actually feature more shoes in greater range of sizes and widths than the largest store in town! And at low, direct-factory prices! It's easy to fit customers in the style they want—they keep re-ordering, too—put dollars and dollars in your pocket! Join the exuberant men who make up to \$200 extra a month and get that laundry's shoes and garments at wholesale prices!

Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today!

Mail the coupon today—I'll rush you a powerful Free Jacket and Shoe Selling Outfit including 10-second Air-Cushion Demonstrator, and **EVERYTHING** you need to start building a steady, BIG MONEY, repeat-order business, as thousands of others have done with Mason!

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You bid I want to start my own extra-income business! Please rush FREE and postpaid my Powerful Selling Outfit—featuring fast-selling Mason Jackets, Air-Cushion Shoes, other fast-selling specialties—so I can start making BIG MONEY right away!

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... for men...
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No. 401. Something SPECIAL for men! Personalized with your own INITIAL in RAISED GOLD COLOR EFFECT. Jumly set in a sparkling, Vermillion-colored Pseudo Diamond. Richly flanked with 2 Pseudo Diamonds from Europe. Remember: these are NOT plastic stones. They sparkle with 1000's of light! Looks like \$650. Special only

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1000's of light!

Surprise your friends!**AMAZING PSEUDO DIAMONDS**

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Real Quality!**

No. 311. Gorgeous rings to cherish for a lifetime. Imagine — 12 sparkling Pseudo Diamonds imported from Europe, set in this beautiful GOLD COLOR, exquisitely designed. They sparkle and gleam on her hand. Look like \$750. We'll enjoy them forever! The set, complete in gift box

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No. 410. Handsome gentleman's ring with genuine Mother of Pearl from the seven seas, set on top. Has 3 Flaming Pseudo Diamonds. Electro Gold Plated. Perfect ring to make a lasting impression. Gets compliments from all. Looks like \$500. Yours for only

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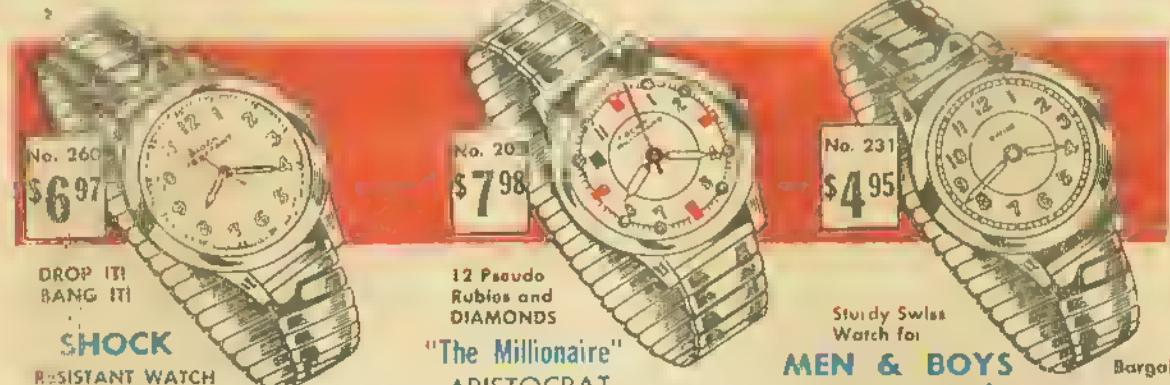
No. 319. Extra HEAVY ring with 5 Pseudo Diamonds of great brilliancy. Well finished in gleaming Gold Color. For a big impression, do wear this magnificent ring! Only

3.65**The "Champion"**

No. 405. Super special quality — SURL WINNERS! Positively amazing! A test massive, many, masterpiece of Electro Gold Plating. Gleaming, BIG pseudo Diamond in center. Alike family! Many others. An eye catcher! Only

3**U. S. Army Ring**

No. 399. Show your colors, men! Extra HEAVY! Has genuine symbol of U. S. Army with a simulated RUBY in the center. U. S. Flag & Eagle embossed in High Relief. Deluxe quality. Rich gold color. The gift of a Lifetime for veterans, soldiers. Special price

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BANG IT!**SHOCK
RESISTANT WATCH**

The SHOCK ABSORBING built right into this remarkable watch is one the great features of this mystery. Since the time, earth tremors! Now you don't have to take your watch off when playing baseball, football, tennis, golf, etc. Using it, it will still need you off to play for a whole week! YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU BREAK IT! Men might say, "I don't care if I break it, I'll just buy another one." But, we'll tell you, it's not that easy. It's a shock absorber, not a shock absorber. No! It's not hard, it's prepared hard, in shockproof crystal, it's design and EXCELLENT metal band. Don't let this hitting experience! Order now by No. 260. Fully guaranteed. 1 year extra.



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"MECHANICAL
BRAIN"

Stop-Watch CHRONOGRAPH

AMAZING! The watch with the "MECHANICAL BRAIN" that actually answers your question as distance and speed! It tells you how fast cars, planes and horses go. Also measures distance and time, sports, photography, light speed, miles, boats, etc. Besides all a handsome, brilliant-blue watch that was absolutely irresistible!

COMPARE WITH \$75.00 WATCHES!

Has 2 PUSH BUTTONS that start and stop movement! 1/16 miles & 1/1000th of a second! Split-second Calibration! Indian numbers and hands that glow at night! Unbreakable crystal! Crystal Sweep hand! Spring construction for long, hard wear. Special Metallic band. Guaranteed and operating in minutes! Order by No. 226. Sale price complete — \$2.50

No. 226
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No. 236
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MEN & BOYS**Bargain**

A dandy looking Swiss watch! A ZARZANID metal Regulated and Imported to ensure accuracy! Has many quality features found in watch setting for much metal. American's BIG RELOD Headband, rich looking, flexible metal band. Glass, full reflection GUARANIED or your money back! You will notice! So don't miss this terrific bargain! No extra — complete price, only

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Order by No. 231

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A delightful good will gift given with every order! SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman low price shown. Wear 5 days at our risk. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE — Full price back if not delighted! In any case, the GIFT is yours to keep! Act first!

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MAIL COUPON, name & address. Pay postman to postman on delivery. No address or post office box.

GUARANTEE IF FULL PRICE BACK BOUND! SEND THIS COUPON IN WITH RING PURCHASE.

NUMBER _____ ARTICLE _____ PRICE _____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ STATE _____

TELEGRAMS — CABLES — MONEY ORDERS — BY SENDING CASH OR MONEY ORDER WITH THIS COUPON! WE PAY 25¢ FEES AND YOU

TELEGRAMS MAILED AT FULL COST!